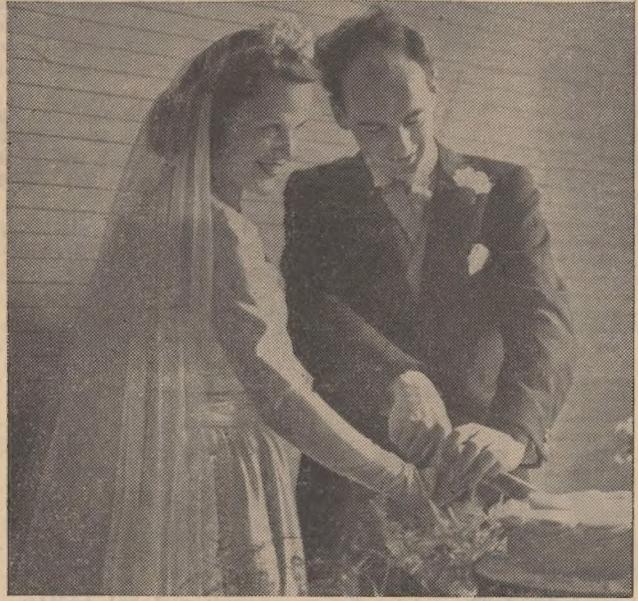


# Good 709 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



The 'groom' gets both hands to the job of cutting the cake.

## Ron Richards is Married

SORROWS will be drowned in drink at Blockhouse and at Forth, gloom will spread over the high seas, and anywhere in fact where submariners may be, at the sad news that Ron (I-Get-Around) Richards, will henceforth be known as Ron (Don't-Get-Around-Any-More) Richards.

No more will he join with submariners in beery nights at Chatham, Dunoon, Blyth and all the other places where submariners meet, and where he was known, I believe, as a more-or-less carefree bachelor.

Now everything is changed. There is a Mrs. Richards.

I have known him for a good few years now (writes Staff Reporter Derek Heben-ton), but even I can't quite believe the change that has come over him since he first declared his intention of settling down. When he first said he was going to set up house we thought he was ill; but it seems that it was the illness which attacks most people only once in their lives.

Anyway, he certainly looked radiantly happy when he came out of Westminster Cathedral with Mrs. Richards on his arm.

I hope he won't shoot me for this, but I must say that before the ceremony the bridegroom looked distinctly nervous. But then I suppose he had every cause to be.

I think at this point I should put in a complaint about a certain person or persons unknown, believed to be serving, or to have served on H.M. Submarine Tally Ho, who in the early part of this year, in the vicinity of Blyth, did forcibly remove a vital portion of hair from the head of one Ronald Richards of "Good Morning."

The patch was rather more noticeable when he was wearing his wedding uniform of morning coat and striped trousers, than when he wore his lounge suit; but when the bride eventually arrived she faced up to it bravely.

In case you don't already know, she was Miss Moira Wainwright, W.R.N.S., and when she came into the church on the arm of her father, she certainly looked

everything that a bride should.

I have never seen her look better than she did in her dress of white satin, and it must certainly have compensated the bridegroom for his long wait.

The service itself, which was conducted by Father Rivers, went off as a wedding should, and the best man did his stuff in the right place. He, by the way, was Jack Monk, better known to submariners as the artist of the Buck Ryan strip.

Coming out of church, the couple had to face a battery of cameras, and were kept in the church doorway for many minutes while the wind played havoc with the bride's head-dress, and "Fuse" Wilson and George Greenwell and others played with their cameras.

The reception was at the Rembrandt Hotel, Kensington, where everyone feasted on strawberries and cream and other tasty foods.

Wine flowed liberally and for those in need of a longer

## Why Not Blow Yourself a Good Living? as does Tom Fleming

YOU may find this a possible darkness, I know, to anybody who post-war job—blowing bubbles of glass into goblets.

hasn't seen glass bubbles being blown before into beautiful shapes.

There are four of us, Jack Auld, Vic Naylor, Harry Hayden and myself in my gang, which is called a "set." For two years we have been together in a semi-circle. We rarely worked together on this job, but get burned by the swinging, glowing glassblowers. Some sets in the glasshouse have been teamed up for nigh on fifteen years.

The reason they don't break up a "set" of chaps is that ours is split-second work, when you're handling red-hot glass straight from the furnace mouth.

A team gets to know, without a word being spoken, just how much glass to gather on the blow-pipe for any particular-shaped goblet or tumbler, at what instant it is to be marvered, when the gaffer wants it dipped steaming into cold water, and when it must be softened again at the kinney.

Most of our work in the glasshouse is done in semi-darkness, lit only by the ruddy glow from the furnace mouths; and the ancient words we use (for glassmaking is so old, far back beyond Roman times) come strangely out of this

### ALL ORIGINAL.

Our team works in a set, close together in a semi-circle. We rarely worked together on this job, but get burned by the swinging, glowing glassblowers. Some sets in the glasshouse have been teamed up for nigh on fifteen years.

is an original invention of the

human mind, depending on accuracy of eye and sureness of touch.

There are many old French and Italian technical terms employed in our job. The process of melting the batch is "fonding," from the French word *fondre* ; the "kinney"

is the corner of the furnace ; the "foushart" is the fork (*fourchette*) for conveying away the completed article from the gaffer, or leader of the "set" of glassblowers ; the "marver" is the slab, once of marble ; hence the origin in "marbre," on which the blob of molten glass is first rolled when it is drawn straight from the furnace mouth.

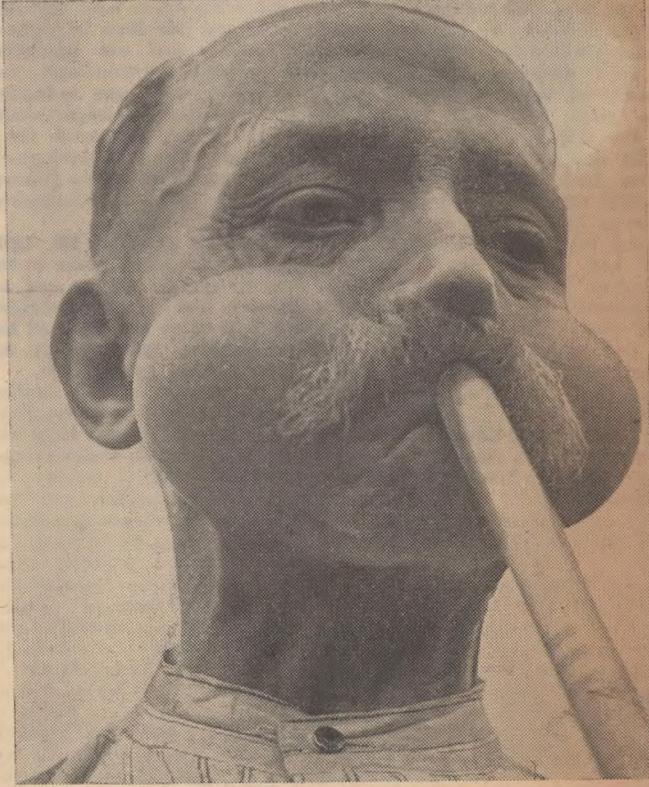
Our head gaffer sits facing the furnace in a "chair"—rough wooden bench provided with two parallel arms sloping downwards to the front.

His tools are primitive, his blowing "iron" consisting of a simple length of iron tube about  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch diameter and 42 inches long, tapered at one end to form a mouthpiece.

On this the molten metal is gathered from the pot and held fashion a wineglass, or 50 seconds while it is being shaped with tools, which are U-shaped pieces of steel, the bends of which are flat in section, while the prongs are round, and are of either wood or steel.

The wood chars in contact with the molten glass, and soon forms a carboned, hard surface which helps to put a smooth finish on the glass object at the end of the blowing-iron.

The final tool, to my way of thinking the most useful in shaping the glass, is a small wooden bat, which soon gets blackened and tough. With rough wooden calipers



Glass-blowing is a cheeky job.

we check the dimensions as the kick of the foot mould is broken open, and the glass, still dull red, drawn out on the end of your blowing-iron.

### HALF-PINT BUBBLES.

Tumblers and similar glasses are blown out as bubbles, the end of the bubble away from the pipe

the dome in the centre of a vast, dark It is knocked off the pipe with a factory floor looking not unlike the rounded, almost closed, top, and heart of a main railway terminus. this is afterwards put on a stone In each dome there are eight or ten and cut away to leave a clean rim, bright, white-hot openings—the As fast as we blow our bubbles

traps in the clay pots containing into shape they are taken on the firebrick "lehr," which firebrick "seige."

is a slow oven where the glass is allowed to carry on with the cake cutting. It was very tasty.

And that's about all there is to say on the wedding of Ron Richards, except that the bride and groom got away at the appointed time and with them went the best wishes of all present and of all the submariners, who, I know, would have been there if they could.

Every few days a new batch of put on a conveyor-belt taking raw material, sand, red-lead and about eight hours to traverse the old broken glass ("cullet") is full length. In this way the glass

shovelled into the pot, and left for cools down very gradually. Brittle tumblers have not been given long enough in the "lehr," or annealing

oven.

First we "gather," dipping the iron blowing-rod into the molten mass and turning it round in much the same way that one helps oneself to golden syrup with a spoon.

The glass is red-hot, like molten sealing-wax, sparkling and flaming.

But not one man in 800 has the necessary aptitude for it, we find; but it means security for a good man, especially if he is something of an artist. There is plenty of scope for chemists, too, in British glasshouses.

If you want to test your natural finger skill in glasswork, try melting

produce a bubble, twisting the tube some cheap rod-glass (not window all the time so that the bubble glass) from a chemist's shop over takes shape in the way that a potter a clean gas-flame.

The next man in the "set" can attractive ornaments, then you take the bubble from you at any moment by dipping his blowing-iron into the pot, extracting a spot of red glass like a lump of sealing-wax and adhering this to the base of the bubble you've blown.

Most articles are made by two or even three men in a set, who pass the bubble from pipe to pipe.

Tumblers, water-jugs, inkwells, wine-glasses and goblets are mostly

made from the bubble. We hold the twisting blowing-iron high in the air to produce a flattish bubble. Objects made from longer bubbles, such as tall glasses or flower vases, are formed with the swiftly-twisting pipe held down to the floor.

For fancy shapes, such as square bottles, the bubble can be blown into a steel mould, and then with a

### BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .

### BRICKBATS are what

we really enjoy. So

let's hear from you.

Address :

"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



A charming photograph of Ron and Moira leaving Westminster Cathedral as Mr. and Mrs. Richards.

# THIS TRIANGULAR DUEL

## By Capt. Marryat

MR. Tallboys, the gunner of men; but the gunner, sir, is, or you have entered into the science of the *Harpy*, was a stout ought to be, scientific. Gunnery, of navigation—at your age it was a dumpy man, with red face, and still sir, is a science—we have our own high time.”

redder hands; he had red hair disparts and our lines of sight—“Yes,” replied Jack, “I can and red whiskers, and he had read our windage and our parabolas raise a perpendicular, at all events, a good deal—for Mr. Tallboys and projectile forces—and our box the compass.”

considered that the gunner was point blank, and our reduction “Yes, but you have not yet the most important personage of powder upon a graduated scale, arrived at the dispart of the in the ship.

He had once been a captain’s gunner not being a navigator; “Not come to that yet,” replied clerk, and having distinguished for knowing his duty as a gunner, Jack.

himself very much in cutting out he has the same mathematical tools to work with.”

Upon this principle, Mr. Tallboys had advanced about as far into navigation as he had in gunnery, that is, to the threshold where he stuck fast, with all his mathematical tools, which he did not know how to use.

To do him justice, he studied for two or three hours every day, and it was not his fault if he did not advance—but his head was confused with technical terms; he mixed all up together, and dis-

parts, sines and cosines, parabolas, acute trigonometry?

“Not come to that yet,” replied Jack.

“And that any propelled body striking against another flies off at a tangent?”

“Very likely,” replied Jack, “that is a sine that he don’t like it.”

“You have not yet entered into acute trigonometry?”

“Not come to that yet,” replied Jack.

“That will require very sharp attention.”

“I should think so,” replied Jack.

“You will then find out how your parallels of longitude and latitude meet.”

“Two parallel lines, if continued to infinity, will never meet,” replied Jack.

“I beg your pardon,” said the gunner.

“I beg yours,” said Jack.

Whereupon Mr. Tallboys brought up a small map of the world, and showed Jack that all the parallels as a gentleman, and that if a gentleman professes opinions of equality and such liberal sentiments, that

“Parallel lines never meet,” he is bound as a gentleman to

“Very true, Mr. Easthupp; Whereupon Jack and the he is bound to act up to them;

and carpenter are merely practical had sailed for Malta, “that

The gunner was a mathematician, so he arranged a three-cornered combat on strictly “scientific” lines. It is the funniest “duel” ever fought and comes from “Midshipman Easy.”

gunner argued the point, until it and not because a person, who was gentry about. The quantity of was agreed to refer the case to a gentleman as well as himself, vatches and hartles of value Mr. Jolliffe, who asserted with a smile, “That those lines were deck, to insult him because he Street in former times is in parallels and not parallels.” only has perfessed opinions like credible.”

As both were right, both were his own.”

“I can say this, at all events,” Herupon Mr. Biggs struck replied the boatswain, “that I his rattan against the funnel, and looked at Jack.

“Yes,” continued the purser’s assertions of the gunner, he would steward, “I should like to see the

have been as puzzled as the gunner fellow who would have done so on himself. They never met without shore: however, the time will

an argument and a reference, and come, when I can hagain pull on my as Jack was put right in the end, plain coat, and then the insult he only learnt the faster. By the shall be vashed out in blood, Mr.

“And I’ll be cursed if I don’t some day teach a lesson to the blackguard who stole my trousers.”

Although Mr. Smallsole (the master) could not injure him, he was still Jack’s enemy; the more so as Jack had become very popular.

“I didn’t count,” replied the boatswain magnificently.

“No—gentlemen are above that,” replied Easthupp; “but there are many light-fingered

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

### Answers to Quiz in No. 708

1. Whisky and honey.
2. Calcutta.
3. Peacehaven.
4. Yellow Goat’s Beard.
5. 1871.
6. Coventry is not on the coast; others are.



**Jack Greenall**  
Says:  
Ain’t  
Nature  
Wonderful!

#### THE CANARY.

THE canary is a bird doing “time” for life. This bird is a martyr. What with rheumatism, red-mite, moulting, asthma, rickets, ulcers, and ninnies breathing on him, one wonders why the heck he hangs on to life. Personally, I’d drop off the top perch and call it a day.

If poison-gas is suspected in a coal-mine, down they drop the poor devil to prove it. If success crowns his efforts he never knows. Seems to me he’s got everything coming to him.

A canary will sing till smothered. One can get very tired of a canary singing. One wonders how the red-mites stick it. I’d look up fresh digs if I were a red-mite.

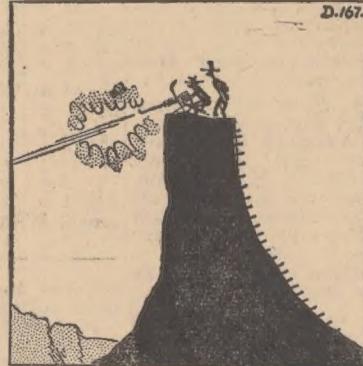
You can call a canary “Joey” for donkey’s years, then the contrary cuss will lay an egg; after that, to save your face, the name’s Jose or Josephine. The egg will always be laid from the top perch; from this one wonders how the whole canary tribe carries on.

Give the canary a full pot of seed, and await developments. You’ll wonder afterwards where you’ll be finding the darned seeds next. A fat lot he cares.

You also put sand on the bottom of a canary’s cage; guess what for? A canary stands for his natural days on a bit of wood called a perch. If he stands too long, his nails grow round it, and when next noticed he’s found blue in the face giving a spirited impersonation of a bat.

Now and then, for a change, he’ll rest his chest on the perch, giving one the impression he’s more “browned off” than usual. Now you know if you’ve got a canary what you have let yourself in for.

#### BEELZEBUB JONES



#### BELINDA



#### POPEYE



#### Alex Crack

When Rose blows her nose on her clothes she shows her nose.

## Wangling Words No. 649

1. Behead a grip and get a tool.
2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: Hiblvsrythinghars.
3. Change SAY into WEN in four steps, making a new word at each step by dropping the first letter and adding a letter to the end. (Example: SAME, AMEN, MEND, etc.).
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Only a fool would try to paddle across the in a

## Answers to Wangling

## Words—No. 648

1. B-eat.
2. Help him to hit it hard with that hammer.
3. WHO, HOW, OWE, WEY, EYE, YES.
4. Face, café.

## JANE



## RUGGLES

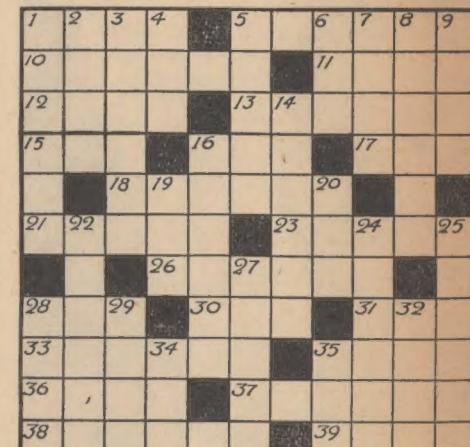


## GARTH



## CROSS-WORD CORNER

JET	TEMPT	G
VASE	SUAVE	
CENTRAL	PRIM	
URSAL	IRATE	
BY	KATE	ASP
I	SECTION	R
COT	MENU	NO
WAVER	GNAW	
MERE	SCHOOL	
ANTIC	ATOM	
Y	SLOOP	KIN



## JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1. Hit. 5. Dilates. 10. Raise. 11. Cow of mixed colour. 12. Girl. 13. Continent. 15. Drink. 16. Lubricant. 17. Squeeze. 18. Strong acid. 21. Incubate. 23. Push with elbow. 26. The one preceding. 28. Troops abroad. 30. Beam. 31. Sheep. 33. Join up. 35. Gladly. 36. Old. 37. Free. 38. Remuneration. 39. Watches.



Country Doctor (to his chauffeur): It doesn't matter what speed you go, Charles, I have the village constable in bed with rheumatics.

## THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

IT will give somebody a good deal of hard work to beat the record set up by Captain A. B. H. Youell. He recently completed nineteen thousand flying hours with the R.A.F.

That sounds a lot, but it means even more when you reckon out that it covers two and a half years flying without a break.

Captain Youell has been piloting aircraft for the past eighteen years, and has hopped across the Atlantic eighty-five times. He knows just what it looks like.

He has flown the King and Queen to Brussels and been pilot for many famous people. Still in the early forties, he plans to make the air his career!

A SIXTEEN-years-old London boy wanted to get to Scotland so badly that he rode the rods on the Euston to Perth express for 460 miles.

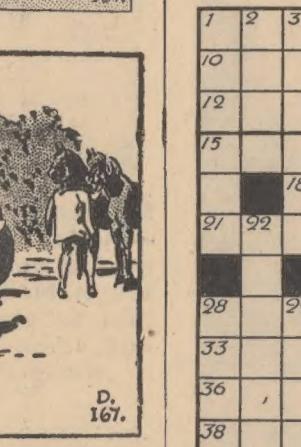
Clinging to the undercarriage of one of the coaches, he travelled all through the night, and was only found when the carriages were being inspected at Perth.

Three other children recently did a runaway on the Euston to Stranraer express, after a 170-mile hitch-hike to London from their home at Ironbridge (Shropshire).

At the end of their 405-mile railway journey they handed up Euston platform tickets to the astonished Scots railway ticket collector.

In both instances they were packed off to the starting point.

## CROSS-WORD CORNER



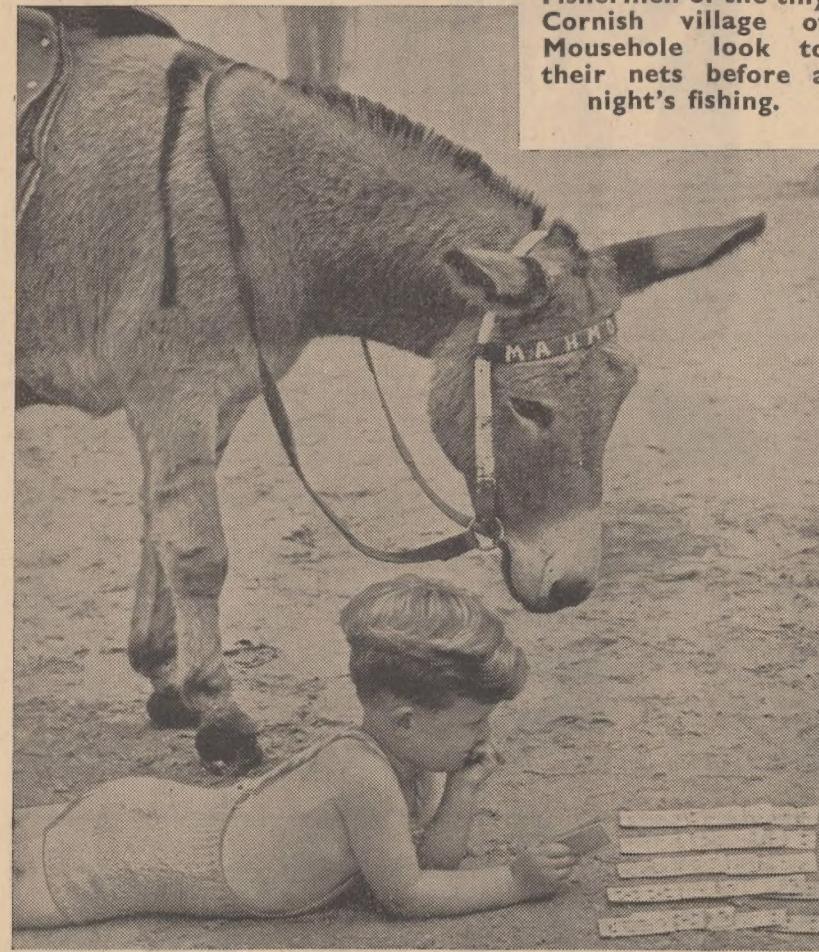
CLUES DOWN.—1. Shrub. 2. Gem. 3. Customer. 4. Young animal. 5. Step. 6. Go astray. 7. Joint of meat. 8. Tightening. 9. Round game. 14. Hard. 16. Rest. 19. Cold. 20. Hint. 22. Requite. 24. Vague. 25. Happenings. 27. Cloyed. 28. Carry. 29. Went fast. 32. Rub clean. 34. Girl's name. 35. Remuneration.

# Good Morning



## THE OTHER CHAP'S JOB.

Fishermen of the tiny Cornish village of Mousehole look to their nets before a night's fishing.



**PATIENCE IS A VICE!**  
— And this young fellow-me-lad got it badly, it seems. Neddy is advising him to play the Joker and come for a gallop along the sands.



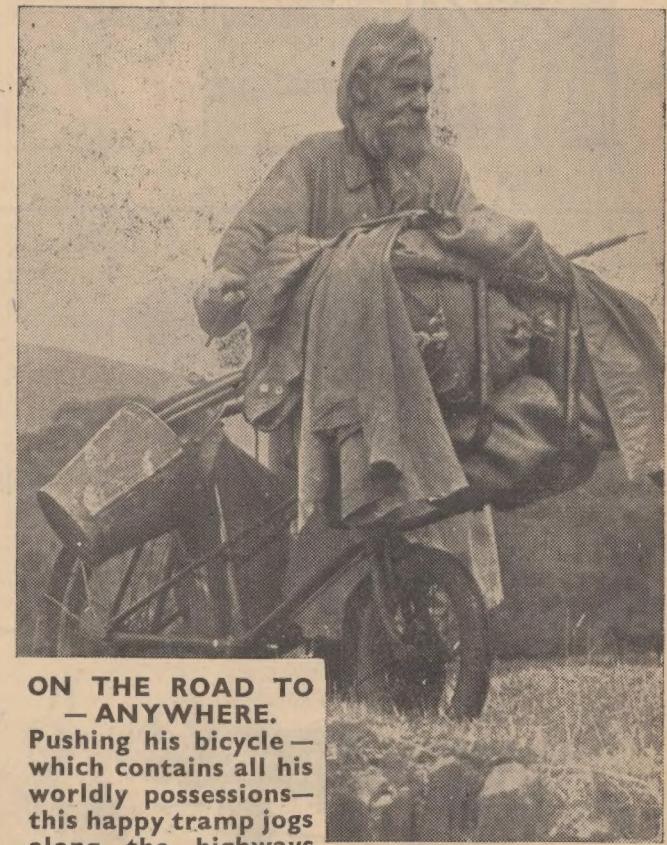
At first glance we thought this was a picture of Siamese twins. But then we saw that the little deers were merely posing as a pair of bookends. Now, if we had a book, we'd sure getta hold of these fawns.

It's all in the life of a Pin-Up girl, laughs Paramount's Hillary Brooke, as she is asked to pose on the wet sand with a gusty nor'easter blowing around her none-too-well-covered shoulders.



## CHRISTMAS-TREE FAIRY COMES DOWN TO EARTH.

We don't know whether she's got a lump of chewing-gum stuck to the heel of her ballet shoe, or whether it's all part of the "pas seul" — but if this queen of the old Empire bends any lower, she may land in the lap of a johnny in the stalls.



**ON THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE.**  
Pushing his bicycle — which contains all his worldly possessions — this happy tramp jogs along the highways and byways. He's artist, handyman, gardener, cook, window-cleaner all rolled up in one.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"He own a book, why he can't even read!"

